

## Mirror editorials, etc.

### Take advantage

In the near future St. Joseph's Hospital, Carbondale, is sponsoring a health fair.

The Carbondale General Hospital has sponsored some in the recent past and, probably, will do again in the future. We complain about health care, its cost, its seemingly impersonal services, etc.

Yet, when the local hospitals do offer fine programs such as they do,

very few people take advantage of these programs.

Therefore, we urge each and every one of our readers to watch for announcements about these programs and to take advantage of any of these community services offered by these two community-conscious hospitals.

**Good luck, again**

We hope our new theater group will forgive us our pun in the headline.

### Top of the town

**BOY, OH, BOY.** Ya can't please everybody.

Here it is fifth column and already people are complaining that they haven't seen me in Top of the Town (MIRROR-style).

One of those people is Franklin Bonacci, who is the National Guard armorer in Carbondale.

We mention his place of employment because he is the local armorer and we want to give some credit where some credit is due.

THAT REMINDS US that the Scranton Armored Museum is in urgent need of volunteers with special business skills to man their booth at the Western Market.

The manager would appreciate the shop's keeping and provide training for the volunteer sales staff.

The Scranton Armored Museum is located in Dipse Park off Keween Avenue in Scranton. For more information, call the museum at 961-4584.

### MS. waters VS.

By NAN WATERS

As...the beginning of school!

Every year at school bells ring in the autumn...except that they don't really peal anymore...we remember, a little wistfully, the days when they did.

Back when the pungent odors of burning leaves along the curbs wasn't considered air pollution, we had a new pair of shiny plaid dress, bobby socks and a new pair of shiny brown oxfords. We were pretty triumphant in first day of school.

Today's back-to-school may be compelled by their peers to have at least several pairs of jeans. In Jordache, Gloria Vanderbilt or Gap, we may be compelled to buy a new pair of jeans and shiny shoes to match the clothes he had, barnyard odor and all.

As we progressed to the end of Grade One, we were still making do with our ragged clothes and shiny shoes to school, the men's junior and senior high school, the mens' junior and senior high school, the mens' senior high the whole class of girls reported to school in jeans and their fathers' shirts. The pride was prompt to send them all home.

We were quite sophisticated enough at age five to question, "What's the difference one?" the way we do now.

Back then in those high-celling rooms with high ceilings and the double windows the teacher pushed up and down with a long wooden stick, and the hard shiny desk

and seats, we had our own dress code. This was the year of the \$2.50 dress socks and Nine needles. Any boy who showed up in a pair of jeans (which now retail from \$22 and up) we wanted to buy some poor farm boy from our side of the tracks a new pair of jeans.

AND SO we don't appear to be chauvinistic, we might add that it could be "this world of ours."

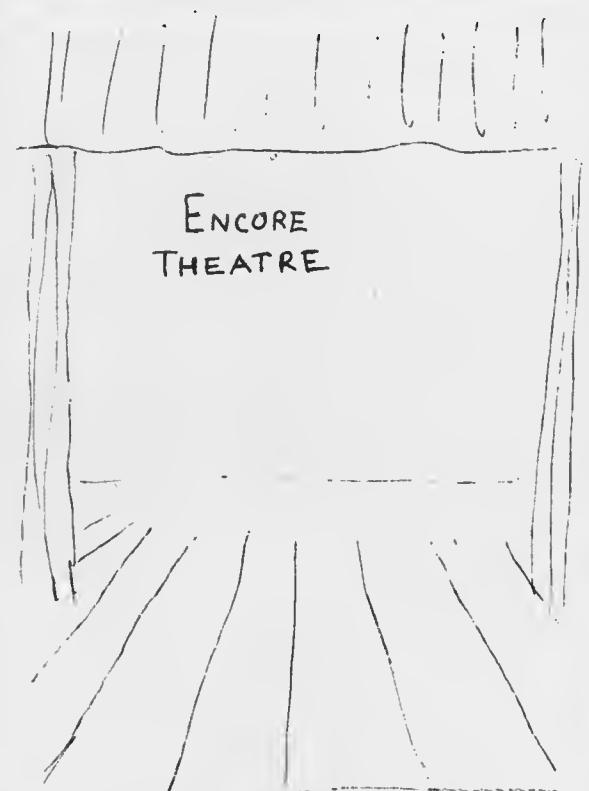
WE HOPE our new theater group will forgive us our pun in the headline.

Again, we wish the Encore group the very best and we ask our readers to support the group as it works to supply another facet of life which enriches our area.

ENCORE THEATRE

Application to mail at second class postage rates is pending at Carbondale, Pa.

CURTAIN COMING UP



### Tom Kenney — prose and verse

#### MEMORIES

Once upon a time I could, visit places I once stood.

Most old friends once more I would talk with them...renew again those old memories faded in...deep in my heart.

I wonder this and ponder that, think of (maybe) where they're now.

No way to know, no sure lead, of life's long road to really read.

Only a guess...

Communication long has ceased, a thought passes, at least once.

A lonely remain of bygone days, scant reflections in different ways.

Remembrances scarce, often again, of times past when I never knew.

But such a trip, impossible? Yes.

Old friends, where?

Only a guess...

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